

The State Journal

Official Paper of the City of Topeka.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where this paper has a carrier system.
By mail, three months \$ 3.00
By mail, one year 36.00
Weekly Edition, per year 50

GREATEST IN KANSAS.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION:

8,806

For the three full summer months of 1894—an increase of over fifty per cent in one year. OUR PROOF.

The issue of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months, viz., from the 1st day of June, 1894, to the 31st day of August, 1894, inclusive, have been as follows:

DAY	June	July	August
1	8,473	8,739	8,640
2	8,412	8,739	8,670
3	8,348	8,739	8,590
4	8,348	8,739	8,590
5	8,348	8,739	8,590
6	8,348	8,739	8,590
7	8,348	8,739	8,590
8	8,348	8,739	8,590
9	8,348	8,739	8,590
10	8,348	8,739	8,590
11	8,348	8,739	8,590
12	8,348	8,739	8,590
13	8,348	8,739	8,590
14	8,348	8,739	8,590
15	8,348	8,739	8,590
16	8,348	8,739	8,590
17	8,348	8,739	8,590
18	8,348	8,739	8,590
19	8,348	8,739	8,590
20	8,348	8,739	8,590
21	8,348	8,739	8,590
22	8,348	8,739	8,590
23	8,348	8,739	8,590
24	8,348	8,739	8,590
25	8,348	8,739	8,590
26	8,348	8,739	8,590
27	8,348	8,739	8,590
28	8,348	8,739	8,590
29	8,348	8,739	8,590
30	8,348	8,739	8,590
31	8,348	8,739	8,590
Totals	241,774	241,774	241,774

*Sunday: no issue.

The total number of copies printed in the three months named above, 742,779, divided by 70, the number of issues, shows the average to be 8,806. This is a correct report of the issue of the TOPEKA DAILY STATE JOURNAL for the three months as stated.

(Signed) Frank P. MacLennan

Editor and Proprietor.
Signed and subscribed Sept. 11, 1894.
S. M. GARDENHILL,
Clerk of the District Court,
Shawnee County, Kansas.

Weather Indications.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Forecast for Kansas: Fair and warmer tonight and Thursday; increasing southeast winds.

There is a prominent opponent of woman suffrage in Topeka who believes around about "misconduct," and "man's place as the lord of creation" whose wife sits at home all the time and cries. She is the mother of many children and is an invalid.

Some northern Republicans are now seen in the astounding position of fighting the Alabama Republicans, who by combining with the Kolbites defeated the Bourbon Democrats for the first time in the history of Alabama. If the Republicans of the south can form any combination to overthrow the rotten Democratic oligarchy of the south, they ought to be encouraged by the Republicans of the north. Yet we see some ignorant Republican editors in this state actually opposing their fellow Republicans in Alabama.

The Democratic members of the Alabama legislature have re-elected Senator John T. Morgan by a separate vote of both houses, and all that remains is to confirm the action in joint ballot. The Populist members will also elect a United States senator. This will take the question of who carried Alabama into the United States senate for settlement. It seems probable, however, that the matter will be settled before it reaches Washington, as the Kolbites are calling for volunteers to go to Montgomery to assist in the inauguration of their chief, and the administration is getting the militia in readiness. Governor Jones has announced that he will ignore Kolb until some overt act is committed and then—well, he doesn't say what he will do.

Dr. McCassey has retired from the state insane asylum, where he has had a troubled and unhappy experience as superintendent. The doctor could have saved himself much vexation of spirit if he had reached a conclusion to do this long ago. Personally Dr. McCassey may be, and no doubt is, a very pleasant gentleman, but as superintendent of the state insane asylum he was an ignominious failure. The Journal saw his untidiness early in his term, and pointed it out. But it is customary, nowadays, when public attention is called by a newspaper to the shortcomings of a public official for that official to at once grow "mild" and make a great pretense of injured innocence, and delay his fall as long as possible. Instead of trying to mend his faults as pointed out, the public official sets his face against public opinion, hardens his heart and stiffens his neck, until he has to be put out ungracefully and very disagreeably. It would be so much more sensible and less mortifying to yield to the inevitable at first.

Mr. Kolb has issued a call for his followers to meet at Montgomery on December 1, to assist him in being inaugurated governor of Alabama in place of Oates, who Kolb declares was elected by fraud at the ballot box. He says he has been twice elected governor, and each time been counted out and now he proposes to revolt, lead an inauguration by force, and violate the will of the people. This sounds well coming from

an ex-Democrat who helped inaugurate the ballot-stealing methods. It augurs a purification of the southern ballot. If the Pops clean out election frauds in the south they will have done a great work. They can do it, for they formerly trained with the "stuffing" crowd and know their tricks. At last the Pops are about to accomplish one needed reform—and if they do they will have the thanks of all good citizens, if they never get strong enough to affect the nation otherwise.—Winfield Courier.

This is the right view to take of the Alabama matter. If the Populists can "clean out" the thieving Bourbons and punish such frauds as have existed in the south since the war, by all means let them do it. It ought to be done, and we should be glad that Kolb and his people offer to do it.

"THAT TIRED FEELING."
It, (the JOURNAL), fought the good fight and doesn't expect any reward, except the good opinion of the public.—EVENING JOURNAL.

It is a little singular that the JOURNAL's "good fight" has never been discovered by anybody except the JOURNAL editor. The JOURNAL would enlighten the public by stating which party is "good fight" was for; which reminds us, by the way, that the only bet in the campaign that found no takers was the offer of a Topeka business man to bet \$50 to \$5 that "as the state goes, so goes the STATE JOURNAL"—Capital.

We are sorry the Capital's spite because the JOURNAL has twice to three times the Capital's circulation in Topeka, and a larger circulation than the Capital in the state, should lead it into saying such ill-natured things. The JOURNAL is the only paper that all the people, regardless of politics can trust to tell the truth. The JOURNAL never wastes office and isn't influenced by money, even to underhandedly support such unfit persons as Dr. McCassey. The JOURNAL exposed more misdoings of the Populists than the Capital all through the campaign, not from partisan reasons but because the public had a right to know how they were misgoverned. We expected no money reward and will get none. Other papers may expect \$50,000 plums for what they do, but the JOURNAL asks nothing but public approbation which it constantly availing subscription lists show it is getting. Old-fashioned political "organs" are getting out of date, but they shouldn't lose their tempers because they are.

In regard to the "discovery" business, nobody expects much from the Capital. The people and the public discover the effects of the JOURNAL's "good fight" and that's enough for us. It might be noted that the JOURNAL made a single-handed "good fight" in Topeka against Dr. McCassey and that every daily paper in the city, including the immaculate Capital, permitted its columns to be used to sustain McCassey in his position. Even on last Sunday the great and good morning contemporary declared there was nothing found in the charges against the superintendent and shouted in bold, dark head lines "McCassey Will Stay." The JOURNAL said last night, in black type "McCassey Goes." Has the Capital discovered this "good fight" yet? Everybody else has. Poor Capital, as a discoverer you are indeed not a success.

The Capital, since Associate Justice Johnston sustained the JOURNAL's "good fight" on railroad passes, at last sees another JOURNAL "discovery," is now wheeling into line and thinks there "ought to be something done," and says Judge Johnston has set a good example. How the Capital does catch on—to the rear of the train.

The Capital this morning devotes two of its columns, signed by Dr. Dykes to be sure, to the defense of the scandalous raid on the \$10,000 cholera fund. Whatever the Capital may believe, the public and people have "discovered" the JOURNAL's "good fight" in exposing this defenseless raid on the treasury, and if the courts do not enjoin Secretary Dykes' attempt to get the \$5,000 still in that fund, it will then be in order for the people to hang their heads and the Capital to again cower and say nobody "discovers" the JOURNAL's "good fight."

The state and city have generally gone as the STATE JOURNAL went, except when the Populists elected Lewelling, and few betting men will bet against this record.

A. L. WILLIAMS' RAFFLE.

He Ruffed All Night But Got No Turkey After All.

"It was a good many years ago," said A. L. Williams, who was talking to a little knot of lawyers in the United States circuit court room, when I did a little raffle for turkeys here in Topeka. It was the evening before Thanksgiving and visions of a fat turkey kept hovering before my eyes. Several of the boys had started a raffle and I took a hand. Hour after hour the dice box passed from hand to hand and when westopped I had won ten turkeys, but strange as it may seem, I didn't get a single one.

"There had only been one turkey all the time and after it was disposed of it would be carried out into the back room and brought in at another door and we tussled for him again. I thought I would have turkey anyhow for my Thanksgiving dinner, but when I went to get him he was gone. Some one had stolen the solitary turkey which we had raffled for nearly all night and I ate my dinner the next day without turkey."

NEW CORPORATIONS.

Companies Organized to do Business in Kansas Granted Charters.

The following charters have been filed with the secretary of state:
The Midland Kansas Coal and Zinc company of Cherokee county; capital stock, \$100,000. Directors: L. R. Stephenson of St. Louis, W. E. Turkington of Cherokee, W. R. Stone of Galena, R. O. Deming and E. S. Ellis of Oswego.
The Midland improvement company of Molina, Kansas; capital stock, \$2,000. Directors: John Hollings, George Harris and C. A. Bourgan.

If your hair is thinning and fading, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It restores color and vitality.

THANKSGIVING.



THANKSGIVING day is hailed with equal and uniform delight by the lovers of turkey and the lovers of football. In fact, the honors of this ever pleasant and interesting festival are divided between the rich and toothsome bird and the almost universal pigskin sphere. After the turkey, the plum pudding; after the plum pudding, which soothes and sustains one like the kiss of a summer girl by the moonlit sea, the football.

Some men go from the country to the city to see a game of football, while others go from the city to the country, when there is no game, to shoot birds. But they all eat turkey if this divine bird comes within their pecuniary reach. The Ethiop who is so unfortunate as to have no pecuniary reach worth speaking of must depend upon his natural reach to penetrate the foliage of his neighbor's tree and pluck therefrom the moonlit fowl as a watermelon or a Partlet pear. Some men will eat corned beef and Irish stew on Thanksgiving day and imagine that they are doing the day and themselves justice. Such men are moral monstrosities that defy analysis. Those who would attempt to fathom them and arrive at an intelligible and satisfactory solution could make more money writing visiting cards with a telegraph office pen. Not more vain would it be to attempt to preserve in musical notation the spirited barcarole of the overripe November pig or to attempt to sound the depths of a country plumber's sophistry with an ordinary plumb line.

The old fan tailed gobbler will no more strut about the farmyard with the dignity and hauteur of a retail floor-walker. No more will he wave his great scaly wattle like a danger signal preparatory to chasing the small boy, who would make him the unwilling recipient of a bucket of cold water. No more will he sit in a statuesque ball on the old elm and look wistfully over the sunset clouds, whose furrows are picturesquely punctuated with dull and id pumpkins. He has heard the whining winds of autumn rustling in the rosy foliage and his blazing side whiskers for the last time. Yesterday he was full of hope. Today he is full of chestnuts, and his drumsticks play a solo of joy on the heels of the people congregated about the table, especially that of the small boy, whose eyes throb with joy and who is as full of anticipation as the turkey is full of dressing. What a beautiful study is the old gobbler as he lies upon the platter, browned to a crisp, with his white meat shining through his tawny envelope that over and anon breaks with a sound that sends ripples of softest music across the lilted millponds of our souls!

When the turkey is so good, it is no wonder that he usurps that portion of our inner man usually set apart for plum pudding or pumpkin pie. The man who likes plum pudding better than turkey, if such a man exists, should not fail to change matters by putting the last first and the first last. A Shanghai on Thanksgiving day scratches gravel in the background of oblivion. He is more remote and obscure than is a baseball player in the height of the skating season or a furrier in the sweltering dogday.

Thanksgiving day is a day of tender dreams that fill our souls with sweetest music. Usually it is a still, gray day, during which the dark, leafless trees stand sharply etched against a liquid atmosphere in which you can hear the partridge drum and the blue jay squawk a mile away. The smoke curls from the old farmhouse straight into the air, and from its quaint windows the crow can be seen circling wistfully over the old cornfield, with outspread wings, as if fearing to break the silence of the scene. And the old farmer is thankful that his sons have come back to spend this festival day with him at their old home. They are delighted, for once more they scent the roasting gobbler and dream of cracking the wishbone again, just as they did when small boys. And again they will have the dear old nightmare in the attic room that is colder than the barn in winter and hotter than the potato patch in summer. But they are really no happier than those who celebrate the day in a New York flat that is so small that it does not furnish sufficient elbow room to carve a turkey and therefore compels the family to have a fricassee or a canned turkey, neither of which is a dish equal to the requirements of so glorious an occasion.

The only time that Thanksgiving is not a success is when the turkey is so tough that the only way it can be disjointed seems to be by blasting it with dynamite. Such a turkey fills the conscientious housewife with horror and makes her register a vow to ever after subject the turkey to a thorough drubbing with a rolling pin in the same way that she does the average musty steak. A turkey should be treated in this fashion before the dressing is inserted or not at all. Yet the gobbler is a peerless classic fowl that does more for Thanksgiving day than Thanksgiving day does for him, and we should cherish the sweet associations that surround him from the Greek-Roman with his drumsticks to the tag of war with his chaste enameled wishbone.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NOT THE SAME.

A New Anecdote of General Grant's Career.

(Special Correspondence.)
CLEVELAND, Nov. 15.—There are many exceedingly interesting points in the career of General Grant that have never been made public, and it is only when they come out from those who knew him best that they are likely to be understood by the public at large.

The last prominent appearance of General Grant before the public was during his trip in company with Hon. Roscoe Conkling through the west in 1880 in the Garfield campaign. For some time there had been considerable doubt as to whether Conkling would take the stump, but after the famous trip of Garfield to New York he did so. The first speech was made at Warren, the capital of the old Garfield congressional district. Conkling was at his best, and the 10,000 people who turned out to see and hear him were delighted. From Warren the special car that was at the disposal of the Conkling party was taken to Cleveland, where a second speech was made. While at this place Captain C. E. Henry, who was at that time connected with the postoffice department, took a large package of letters to General Grant which had been forwarded to this point.

The general opened them one after another and glanced hastily through their contents. Finally he came to one dated Denver, at the contents of which he laughed immoderately. Captain Henry, who had seen him many times and under many circumstances, says that he never saw him so much amused before. Several times he tried to stop laughing, and the fit would take him afresh.

Of course every one present was interested to know the cause of his amusement. Finally he turned the letter over to the captain and asked him to read it out loud for the entertainment of those present. The letter related an incident somewhat as follows: It appears that the name "U. S. Grant" appeared on the register of one of the leading hotels of Denver, and a drunken man and bully from one of the mining districts became anxious to see the owner of the name. He made considerable noise around the house and declared that he was going to "lick old Grant." The name had been signed by Buck Grant, the general's son and namesake.

Taking in the situation at once, the clerk of the hotel led the man to the dining room door and pointed out a muscular man who was eating dinner.

"That is General Grant," said the clerk. "Wait till he is through dinner, and you can see him."

The would-be fighter waited patiently near the door till the muscular diner had finished and sauntered out. Approaching him, he struck out for a fight. The stranger did not know what the cause of the attack was, but he was ready for it, and he knocked down the pugacious man who was so anxious to "lick old Grant." Recovering himself, the man who was making the attack came at the stranger again, only to be very badly punished. The large stranger was about to throw the drunken man down stairs when some one interfered and stopped the fight.

"I must find out the name of that man who defecated my name," said the general, still laughing. "I will send him \$10 if it is the last money I ever have. Just think how badly I might have been punished if I had been there!" And with this he went on opening his letters.

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.

One Breaks In New Boots and Another Washes Dogs.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Nov. 8.—One has only to walk along the crowded portion of Regent street or invade the aristocratic Bond street to be convinced that the English woman has not been behind her American cousin in creating new professions. Very unique ones have been started, and the English aristocracy is busy making history in a mercantile fashion. The word "gentlewoman" in England means nothing but restriction of every sort. When the American girl says, "What is the use of being who I am if I cannot do as I please?" the English woman queries, "I should like to do it, but suppose people should fancy I was odd?" A few have, however, certainly, broken away from a conventional mode of thought and have been pioneers in several original professions. One woman, in preference to giving up her dainty bandbox of a home in St. John's Wood, has become a window draper. She chooses and buys the material for curtains and hangings. She drapes them as well. Not only is she employed in private houses, but she decorates the windows of the smaller shops. A daughter of one of England's prominent Radicals is what is called a "sugarsister." This enterprising woman selects all the articles for a well appointed home. She chooses, buys and selects everything from the toasting fork to the Gobelin tapestries. She orders everything from the tons of coal to the butter. Not until the family in whose service she is employed sits down to a well appointed meal in their own home does she dare present her bill.

I waited a whole hour in the vicinity of Holborn viaduct to catch sight of the girl who advertises "to break in new boots." It is needless to say that it was her feet more than her ingenuity that interested me. Another washes and exercises dogs. She may be seen any morning in Covent Gardens exercising a regiment of canines belonging to rich women. There are several women who arrange dinners and wash and put away china in the morning, and in the evening reap the benefits of their own industry by sitting down as guests to eat the dinner they superintended. The woman who does shopping for country people has a lucrative trade. There are many who constantly call upon her for aid, possibly because the English woman does not shop in the same fashion as the American.

MAUD JAMES CHILTON.

SPECIAL UNDER VALUE

SALE TROUSERS!

The Palace

NOTICE We have taken from our regular stock 240 pair Trousers, of which there are but one, two and three of a kind—and to keep our stock in good shape—will sell them while they last at less than actual cost. This is no fairy tale.—Come and see.

\$2.50

Buys your choice of 105 pair fine All Wool Trousers

Any size from 30 to 40 waist, any length from 29 to 31—that sold and are still marked in their former prices

\$3.50, \$4, \$4.50

Your choice while they last for

\$2.50

\$3.50

Buys your choice of 135 pairs fine All Wool Trousers

Any size from 29 to 44 waist, any length from 29 to 35—these goods still marked at what they sold for,

\$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$7.

Your Choice while they last for

\$3.50

TURKEYS GIVEN AWAY

If you will produce the cranberry sauce—we will produce the turkey—will present every purchaser of \$10 or more—with a fine, fat, juicy dressed turkey—with our compliments—besides save you money on what you buy.

The Palace Clothing Co.

709 Kansas Ave.

AUERBACH & GUETTEL.

SEASONABLES

Over Gaiters, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
Wool Socks, 25c.
Warm Felt Congress, \$1.50.
Warm Felt Lace Shoes, \$1.50.
Warm Felt Slippers, \$1.00.
Warm Felt Browsers, \$1.00.
Warm Felt Jullets, 75c.
Warm Felt Jullets, \$1.50.
Christmas Slippers from 50c to \$3.

ZERO PRICES.

B. M. PAYNE & CO.,
705 Kansas Ave.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Belleville has a barber named Shaver. A Herington man who stole a pair of trousers there, now pants for sweet liberty.

Murphy, the Yale football player, who was so badly hurt in Saturday's game, lives at Manhattan.

Mias Quiet of Nortonville, is just what many people in this bustling clamorous world are looking for.

About the only thing that Will Willie of Newton could have to be thankful for would be that he isn't a T. Willie.

Osborne county has a new postoffice called Deliverance. "Palms of victory, Crowns of glory," will be along later.

The adaptability of a mule is without end. An Archison mule which fell into a well simply took a drink and then got out.

There is a peculiar girl living near Pomona. She has been married six weeks and never told a soul until the other day.

Peter Boomgarden, near Oberlin, was found dead in his bed one day last week. He was a hermit and was thought to have been worth \$30,000.

Smith County Pioneer: The Kansas Breeze calls the Graphic the "Peabody Gothic." That's wrong font; take it out and make it Celtic.

It is said the Wichita lottery does a better business than any in the state. People who have to live in Wichita will take any kind of chances.

The county clerks of the state will hold their annual meeting at Salina December 30, but they won't elect officers by the Australian ballot.

A Winfield girl who was interviewed by a nice looking young reporter indignantly denied that any anti-kissing crusade had been started in Winfield.

Some Emporia singers whom the opportunities of church, prayer meeting and Sunday school can't satisfy, are going to give the opera "Yeomen of the Guard."

A Thomas county man who won two horses and a Wichita girl who lost 200 kisses are the only people so far known outside of Smith county who have repudiated their election bets.

An Arkansas City woman who is opposed to suffrage, when asked why said indignantly, "My husband is my idol." The other woman said yes, she noticed

he didn't do anything most of the time, and now there is a heavy white frost on between the women.

At the Methodist revival in Newton thieves have been stealing horse blankets and lap robes from the vehicles hitched outside. If they would only take the trouble to go inside they will hear about a place where such articles are perpetually unneeded.

E. Mattie Shawhan, who edits the Gate City Journal at Arkansas City, went to set up one of her own editorials and after setting about half a column noticed afterward every time she dumped her stick that there seemed to be even less than there was before. Investigating she found one of the printers was throwing it in as dead matter. Certain.

Rudy's Pile Suppository is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to Martin Rudy, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all druggists and druggists, and in Topeka by W. R. Kennedy, corner Fourth and Kansas avenue.

Upon every test at the World's Columbian fair Dr. Price's Baking Powder was accorded foremost rank. The government experts who made the examination found it to be unapproachable in its great leavening strength, the perfect purity of its constituent elements, and its uniform excellence.

Beggs' Little Giant Pills
Are the most complete pill on the market, besides being the cheapest, as one pill is a dose, and forty doses in each bottle. Every pill guaranteed to give satisfaction by W. R. Kennedy.

Yellow, Dried Up and Wrinkled.
Is this the way your face looks? If so, try Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker. It not only purifies the blood, but renews it, and gives your face a bright youthful appearance. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

Call up Phone 153 and have our wagon call for your bundle.
TOPEKA STEAM LAUNDRY.
Good work done by the Poorless.